THE HOME.

At Last.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

When on my day of life, the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O love divine, O helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting;
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! let thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions,
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song;
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—THE WOMAN WHO LAUGHS.—For a very good, everyday household angel, give us the woman who laughs. Her biscuits may not be always just right, and she may occasionally burn her bread, and forget to replace dislocated buttons; but for solid comfort all day and every day, she is a very paragon. Home is not a battle-field, nor one long, unending row. The trick of always seeing the bright side, or, if the matter has no bright side, of shining up the dark one, is a very important faculty,—one of the things no woman should be without. We are not all born with the sunshine in our hearts, as the Irish prettily phrase it; but we can cultivate a cheerful sense of humor, if we only try.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Old-Fashioned Girl.

She was a little girl until she was fifteen years old, and then, she helped her mother in her household duties. She had her hours of play, and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She never said so her mother, "I can't—I don't want to," for obedience was to her a cherished virtue. She arose in the morning when called, and we do not suppose she had her hair done up in curling papers and crimping pins or banged over her forehead. She did not grow into a young lady and talk about her beau before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels, nor was she fancying a hero in every boy she met. The old-fashioned girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang nor used by-words. She did not laugh at old people nor make fun of cripples. She had respect for her elders, and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than herself. She did not know as much as her mother, nor did she think that her judgment was as good as that of her grandmother. She did not go to parties by the time she was ten years old and stay till after midnight, dancing with chance young men who happened to be present. She went to bed in season, and doubtless she said her prayers and slept the sleep of innocence, rose up in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness. And now, if there is an old-fashioned girl in the world to day, may heaven bless and keep and raise up others like her.—*Bishop Cosgrove.*

The Influence of a Mother's Prayers.

More than thirty years ago, one lovely Sabbath morning, eight young men, students in a law school, were walking along the banks of a stream that flows into the Potomac river, not far from the city of Washington. They were going to a grove, in a retired place, to spend the hours of that holy day in playing cards. Each of them had a flask of wine in his pocket. They were the sons of praying mothers. As they were walking along amusing each other with idle jests, the bell of a church in a little village about two miles off, began to ring. It sounded in the ears of those thoughtless young men as plainly as though it were only on the other side of the little stream along which they were walking.

Presently one of their number, whose name was George, stopped, and said to the friend nearest him that he would go no further, but would return to the village, and go to church. His friend called out to their companions, who were a little ahead of him, "Boys! boys! come back here. George is getting religious. We must help him. Come on, and let us baptize him by immersion in the water." In a moment they formed a circle around him. They told him that the only way in which he could save himself from having a cold bath was by going with them. In a calm, quiet, but earnest way, he said:

"I know very well that you have power enough to put me in the water, and hold me there till I am drowned; and, if you choose, you can do so, and I will make no resistance; but listen to what I have to say, and then do as you think best.

"You all know that I am two hundred miles away from home; but you do not know that my mother is a helpless, bed-ridden invalid. I never remember seeing her out of bed. I am her youngest child. My father could not afford to pay for my schooling; but our teacher is a warm friend of my father, and offered to take me without any charge. He was very anxious for me to come; but mother would not consent. The struggle almost cost her what little life was left to her. At length, after many prayers on the subject, she yielded, and said I might go. The preparations for my leaving home were soon made. My mother never said a word to me on the subject till the morning when I was to leave. After I had eaten my breakfast she sent for me, and asked if everything was ready. I told her all was ready, and I was only waiting for the stage. At her request I kneeled beside her bed. With her loving hands upon my head, she prayed for her youngest child. Many and many a night since then I have dreamed that whole scene over. It is the happiest recollection of my life. I believe, till the day of my death, I shall be able to repeat every word of that prayer. Then she spoke to me thus:

"'My precious boy, you do not know, you never can know, the agony of a mother's heart, in parting, for the last time, from her youngest child. When you leave home, you will have looked, for the last time, this side of the grave, on the face of her who loves you as no other mortal does or can. Your father cannot afford the expense of your making us visits during the two years that your studies will occupy. I cannot possibly live as long as that. The sands in the hour glass of my life have nearly run out. In the far-off, strange place to which you are going, there will be no loving mother to give you counsel in time of trouble. Seek counsel and help from God. Every Sabbath morning, from ten to eleven o'clock, I will spend the hour in prayer for you. Wherever you may be during this sacred hour, when you hear the church-bells ringing, let your thoughts come back to this chamber, where your dying mother will be agonizing in prayer for you. But I hear the stage coming. Kiss me—farewell!'

"Boys, I never expect to see my mother again on earth. But, by the help of God, I mean to meet her in heaven."

As George stopped speaking the tears were streaming down his cheeks. He looked at his companions. Their eyes were all filled with tears.

In a moment the ring which they had formed about him was opened. He passed out, and went to church. He had stood up for the right against great odds. They admired him for doing what they had not courage to do. They all followed him to church. On their way there each of them quietly threw away his cards and his wine flask. Never again did any of these young men play cards on the Sabbath.

From that day they all became changed men. Six of them died Christians, and are now in heaven. George is an able Christian lawyer in Iowa; and his friend, the eighth of the party, who wrote this account, has been for many years an earnest, active member of the church. Here were eight men converted by the prayers of that good Christian woman. And, if we only knew all the results of their examples and their labors we should have a good illustration of the influence of a mother's prayers.—*Bible Models.*

THE FARM.

—An orchard will not thrive on wet soil. The trees will be mossy, the leaves will be yellow, the fruit will fall off, and in a few years the trees will die. Such land should be drained or not planted with fruit trees. The drains should be made between the rows of the trees and be put four feet deep.

—There are farms that are rocky and rough. The soil is stony and fertile, but is not adapted to cultivation. Apple-trees, perhaps, will thrive with remarkable vigor on such land, and the farmer should accept the indication, and plant it to apple trees until he has all he can take care of. A man in East Wirthrop, Me., had a farm of that character. It was one of little value for tillage, but he found that the Roxbury russet throve remarkably well, and produced excellent fruit. He "took the hint," and set his farm largely to Roxbury russet trees until nearly thirty acres were covered. Now in some years he sells $2000 worth of fruit. He has made a rocky and almost worthless farm one of the most valuable in town.

—Says the *Sheep Breeder*: "The sheep is the only domestic animal that thoroughly digests its food, which fact adds greatly to the value of manure. To give you an idea of the value of sheep as fertilizers, I will state my experience. Last fall I turned sixty head of sheep on sixteen acres of land, half of which was hazel brush. I turned these sheep on in September and pastured them until the 1st of December. By this time, at a short distance off, the field presented the appearance of having been ploughed and harrowed—the neighbours all saying, 'You have killed your meadow.' The following July of that year I cut from that meadow two and one-half tons to the acre. I say sheep pay, and the man that stays with them will never regret it."

TO STOP A RUNAWAY HORSE.—Professor Oscar R. Gleason, the noted subduer and tamer of vicious equines, thus explains the manner of stopping a runaway horse by using nothing but a straight bar, bit and lines. For instance, your horse starts to run away. Let him do so for fifty yards; then haul in your lines perfectly tight. When you get ready to give the command to stop say, "Whoa!" at the same time you pull the right hand rein, giving a powerful jerk, and repeat the word whoa. Don't move the left hand, but do all the work with the right. When you give the terrible jerk, twist the horses jaw to the right, and if you have the presence of mind to repeat the word whoa at the second jerk of the lines you will be surprised to find your horse standing still.

CLOVER.—Prof. Knapp, in the *Iowa Homestead*, says:—"Clover is a wonderful feeder; it greedily devours barnyard manure and ashes, and has a special liking for gypsum. As a grain food it is not necessary to find a better. Placing a bunch of red clover, when about seven or eight inches tall, beside a similar bunch of alfalfa, orchard grass, Italian rye-grass, etc., and allowing cow, sheep and pig to decide the question of relative palatability, in every case the pig and sheep took the clover first, and in most cases the cow did the same. An acre of good clover will produce in one season twelve tons or more of green food, containing two and two-fifths tons of dry matter, equal to ninety bushels of corn, and more than its equivalent for food. Red clover when young has a nutritive ratio equal to oil-meal for growing young animals. As the plant approaches maturity the water, the ash, and the albuminoids decrease and the carbhydrites and crude fibre increase till in full the nutritive ratio is one to three—excellent food as hay, but not so strong in flesh-forming material as earlier."

EGGS ARE CHEAP FOOD.—Eggs are usually esteemed expensive diet—in fact a luxury which only the rich or well-to-do can afford to use. But it is a mistake when we consider their food value—their nourishing qualities. Eggs, like milk, contain every element necessary for the development of a perfect animal. This is proved by the fact that bones, muscles, blood, feathers, everything in fact that makes the fully formed chicken, is contained in the yoke and white of an egg. Indeed, there is no more concentrated or nourishing food than eggs. The albumen, oil and saline are just in the right proportion for sustaining animal life. If, therefore, we eat to obtain strength, we will find that two or three eggs properly cooked will afford more nourishment than a piece of meat of equal market value. When we come to compare the cost of producing eggs and pork we find it costs nearly twice as much to produce a pound of pork as it does a pound of eggs, and taking into account the nutritive value of each and the comparative prices of the two on an average, the pork is three times as costly a food as eggs, and certainly much less wholesome.—*Poultry Post.*

—The best material for a nest is a little dry earth in the bottom of a box and on the top of this a little fine cut hay or straw. Too much loose material is more likely to get disarranged and cause the eggs to roll together. The box should not be set where there is a draft of air, as nothing is more fatal to the egg life than a sudden chill. Care should be exercised in the selection of eggs, those that are fresh and well formed being taken, and especially those that have not been exposed to the cold. Very much depends, too, upon the disposition of the hen. Some are naturally fretful and uneasy, leaving their nest frequently, and staying out too long. Any one who is familiar with the habits of the different members of his flock ought to be able to select those that will make good mothers. Some hens are almost sure to kill their young chicks either by neglect or rudeness. While the hen is sitting, her food and drink should be near her, and also a tub or box of ashes or fine dust for her use. As a general rule in the process of hatching, the hen should be allowed to manage for herself, as nothing is gained by trying to force the process of nature. Neither should any attempt be made to force food upon the young chicks, as they will soon enough learn to satisfy themselves if the food put before them is at all suitable. Some kind of small grain such as millet seed should be given them from the first. It is a mistaken kindness to feed them with hot meal as many do. It is unnatural food, and often produces sickness and a stunted growth. As early as possible let the chickens have some green leaves to pick, such as cabbage or tender grass. Keep them well housed at night, and it is better, where it can be done, to keep the coops closed at first until the frosts or cold dews of the morning have passed away.—*N. Y. Observer.*

TEMPERANCE.

—In the ninth and tenth wards of Chicago there is one $500 high-license saloon to every fourteen voters.

—Ten years ago statistics reported but one cabaret or saloon to every 300 voters of Paris. Now there is one to every twenty-five voters.

—The prohibition vote has been steadily gaining in different parts of the United States. In Connecticut, it was 2,305 in 1884 and 4,810 in 1886, while there was a similar though smaller gain in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. In New Jersey the vote has gone up in two years from 6,153 to 19 579. In Michigan it has risen from 10,000 to 35,000, in Indiana from 3,000 to 9,000 in Ohio from 11 000 to 31,000, and in Illinois from 12 000 to 20,000. These figures are significant facts.

Louis Napoleon on Tobacco.

In 1862 Louis Napoleon, Emperor of France, learning that paralysis and insanity had increased with the increase of tobacco revenue, ordered an examination of the schools and colleges, and, finding that the average standing in both scholarship and character was lower among those who used tobacco than those who abstained, issued an edict forbidding its use in all the government schools. Dr. Constan, who made investigations as to the effect of tobacco on young people in the schools of France, reported: "The depressing action of tobacco on the intellectual development is therefore beyond question. Its influence clogs all the intellectual faculties, and especially the memory. It is greater in proportion to the youth of the individual and the faculties allowed for smoking. It is clearly established that the students who do not smoke outrank those that do, and that the scholarship of the smokers steadily deteriorates as the smoking continues."

Sins Against Childhood.

BY T. L. CUYLER, D. D.

It is stated that when a conquered city was sacked and a brutal soldier was striking down all before him, a child cried out: "Please, sir, don't kill me. I am so little." He must be a brute that would not respect the feebleness of a child. It is one of the fiendish features of alcoholic drink that it often maddens a parent to maim and to murder his own offspring. There is a poor crippled lad in this neighborhood whose spine is maimed for life by the drunken father who hurled him downstairs in a debauch. Let us be thankful for the organization of "societies for the prevention of cruelty to children." They might adopt for their motto Reuben's counsel to his brethren: "Do not sin against the child."

There are many other sins against childhood besides brutal blows or the slow starvation which drunkenness occasions. Nor do they spring from wanton cruelty. Many of them grow out of carelessness, or ignorance, or utterly false views of parental duty. Fully one-half of the parents in the land need to have the solemn caution whispered in their ears; Beware how you sin against your child! Parentage involves a tremendous trust. God puts into our hands the most susceptible and receptive creation on the globe when he entrusts to us a young immortal mind. No photographic plate takes impressions so readily, or retains them so surely.

1. You may sin against your child by seeding his mind with false teachings. It lies open before you like a garden, or a field in May, waiting for either the precious seed, or the poisonous weeds. A bad principle dropped in will sprout. A sneer against the truth of God's Word, or a sly sceptical thrust will insinuate itself into a boy's memory and prepare him for early infidelity. Much of the caviling criticism indulged in by parents after they come home from church completely neutralizes all the good influences of a sermon. If the Holy Spirit has inspired the minister's faithful message, then the foolish derision thrown at that message is not only a sin against the children, but a sin against the Holy Ghost. In a vast majority of cases religious errors are hereditary. Dishonest practices descend in the same way from father to son. Parents often corrupt their children by taking them to impure places of amusement. While the father is laughing at the play, the lad beside him is inflamed by the indecent costume, or the lascivious movements of the actress. The daughter's purity is spoiled by the licentious ballet, or the immoral innuendoes of the stage. These impure sights and utterances breed salacious thoughts. It is bad enough to smutch your own soul; but we beg you, do not sin against your child.

2. Nothing breeds so rapidly as example. We all know how tendencies to character, either good or evil, spring from natural descent, and the chief element in moral heredity is the force of example. There is a monotonous uniformity in the history of the Jewish kings. Each one "walked in the ways of his father who caused Israel to sin." Observe that word "ways." The father made the path, and the son trod in it. This is as true now as in ancient days. The most difficult cases which are brought to our inebriate asylums are those of hereditary drunkenness. I have worked hard lately to reform two inebriates, both very interesting characters; but have about given up in despair since I descovered that their fathers were slaves of the bottle.

Outbreaks of passion have a terrible influence on our children. A man of culture, yet of most violent temper, pleads as his excuse, when he gets enraged: "I can't help it. My father was just so; his boys are all so. We cannot live together in peace; we never did. We are all possessed of the devil." This is a frightful indictment for a living son to bring against a dead parent. And what a penalty these living sons pay for the sin committed against their childhood by parental example.

3 It does not require that we be cruel in disposition in order to sin against our children. The foolish fondness which pets them and gratifies every selfish whim and pampers their pride is even worse in its influence than harsh brutality. No more fatal sin can be committed against your son than to let him have his own way. Pride will grow fast enough in your daughter's heart without your adding fuel to the flame with extravagant fineries and fulsome adulation. It is a curious fact that praise when bestowed on noble conduct humbles and sweetens a child; but praise lavished on mere externals—like beauty or dress—only puffs up and inflames selfishness.

Parents, do you always make an especial study of the peculiarities of each child? Joseph was a very peculiar lad from his very excellencies, and when his partial father rigged him out in his "coat of many colors," and he began to have dreams of his brothers "bowing down to him," it is not strange that their coarse natures grew jealous and revengeful. Father Jacob sinned against that pure, sensitive boy before the churlish brethren began their villianous outrages. Some children are picked at and scolded until they become sullen. Others are ridiculed for their deficiencies or deformities, till they grow desperate. Harshness always hardens, and then parental pharisaism prays that God would soften the boy's hard heart! To train up a family wisely, and for the Lord, requires more sagacity than to write a book, and more grace than to preach a sermon. It is the highest trusteeship in the world. The family underlies both church and commonwealth. Wherefore, O father and mother, for thy own sake, for God's sake, for the sake of the immortal soul committed to thee, do not sin against the child.—*The Independent.*

Have you a cough? Sleepless nights need no longer trouble you. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will stop the cough, allay the inflammation, and induce repose. It will, moreover, heal the pulmonary organs and give you health.

Minard's Family Pills promptly relieve the stomach, correct foul breath and an unpleasant taste, and cure dyspepsia and constipation.

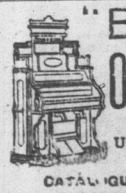
CRYING FOR AID.—Loss of appetite, headache, depression, indigestion and biliousness, a sallow face, dull eyes and a blotched skin are among the symptoms which indicate that the liver is crying for aid. Minard's Family Pills stimulate the liver to proper action and correct all these troubles. No family can afford to be without Minard's Pills.

Consumption Cured.—An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrah, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block Rochester, N. Y.* eow

The New Hair Restorative sold by D. O. L. Warlock, we believe to be the best preparation in use for the hair: It does not dye gray hair, but brings back the original color. Many persons in St. John will remember when Mr. Warlock's hair was almost white. He has been using it for over 20 years, and his appearance is a proof of its good qualities.

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM.

Registered Percheron Horses and French Coach Horses. Savage & Farnum, Importers and Breeders of Percheron and French Coach Horses, Island Home Stock Farm, Grosse Isle, Wayne County, Mich. We offer a very large stud of horses to select from, we guarantee our stock, make prices reasonable and sell on easy terms. Visitors always welcome. Large catalogue free. Address Savage & Farnum, Detroit, Mich.



"BELL" ORGANS

Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY CO.
SUCCESSORS TO BELLS TO THE
BLYMYER MANUFACTURING CO.
CATALOGUE WITH 1000 TESTIMONIALS FREE.
BELLS: CHURCH, SCHOOL, FIRE ALARM.
A. ROBB & SONS, Amherst, N. S., Agents for the Maritime Provinces. eow

Baltimore Church Bells
Since 1844 celebrated for Superiority over others, are made only of Purest Bell Metal, (Copper and Tin.) Rotary Mountings, warranted satisfactory. For Prices, Circulars, &c., address BALTIMORE BELL FOUNDRY, J. REGESTER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL —AND— EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding of the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book, and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars. All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2118, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

32,400

COPIES OF THE

MESSENGER AND VISITOR

WERE ISSUED

DURING

February

A Weekly Average of

6,480.

IT WILL PAY

To Advertise in the

MESSENGER AND VISITOR

AS IT HAS A CIRCULATION

Larger than any TWO religious weeklies

PUBLISHED IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

A TRIAL ORDER is solicited.

Write for RATES to

Publisher "MESSENGER AND VISITOR,"

ST. JOHN, N. B.